THE

NEW STAR.

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For the NEW STAR.

THE *FRIEND*—III.

Messrs. PRINTERS,

I just received the following billet—My Fair correspondent appears to be in a forlorn state; trembling, and half resolved—suspended between doubt and fear.—She is perfectly welcome to my opinion, if you please to give it place in your PLANET.

To the FRIEND.

SIR, SUPPOSING you a good-natured being, willing to *do good to your neighbors*, I take the liberty to apply for your advice:—I am neither young nor old; I am somewhere between both; tho' rather inclining to the latter—I am neither handsome, nor extremely deformed—my face is not what is called *pretty*, nor does it look like "*Mother Quaw*," in the spoon——I am not very tall, nor very low—neither very *stout* nor *slender*—As to these points, I am, I suppose, what would be termed "*well enough*." But, alas! I am *growing old*—and pray you to advise me, whether 'tis best to—MARRY—*if* I can!——*If*, I add, because when I was called young, I had "*lovers many, and courtiers gay*"—there are *others* now who are *younger* than me: and the beau doth not grow old so fast as the belle—Yet, I still think I may get ——— (excuse me)——— What would you do, Mr. Friend, were you in my case? Yours,

AGELIA.

I must acknowledge, it is difficult to determine what I should do were I metamorphosed to a young lady, rather inclining to old age—And as it is not ascertained at what age a *maiden* lady will allow herself to be OLD, perhaps giving advice may be construed, by the prude, into *impertinence*—I wish to offend none by gratifying AGELIA:—in giving her my opinion, I must discharge a clear conscience; and I therefore advise her to *get married*, sans ceremonie.—If Sol hath roll'd his *sixtieth* annual course over her head, one might reasonably suppose she would *never wed*: but it is, even then, "better to marry than *burn*," as the proverb says—If she be near to the point of "*flying away*," as *thirty one* is termed sometimes, let her fly with CUPID to the altar of HYMEN, and there *clip her wings*: 'tis better to obey the *dictates* of an *honest heart*, than to "*languish alone*."—AGELIA's hesitation *speaks* the wish of her heart; and I advise her to use

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all *honeſt* endeavors, to place herſelf in a ſituation better ſuited to her ſocial ſpirit than her preſent—If ſhe hath not had *lovers too many*, ſhe may yet find peace and joy.—Perhaps ſome others may be in circumſtances ſimilar to Agella's, I will therefore add a little general advice:—Did not experience convince us, it would be difficult to perſuade ourſelves, that MAN, who was originally deſigned as the Protector of Woman, ſhould become the deſtroyer of the "Fair Charge:" that he ſhould betray, and RUIN his Siſter—But, this being proved, I will give a cautionary hint to my fair ſiſters, the Young Unmarried Ladies;—nor would I neglect the *elder* claſs, to whom uſage, time immemorial, has given the venerable appellation of OLD MAIDS—Pardon me, my aged ſiſters, I have no grudging ill will towards you; I envy not your awkward ſituations many times, when you appear in the company of either the married or unmarried: you cannot participate in the ſocial joys of the "happy pair," nor the ſportive frolick of the young and gay;—you may envy both, but can enjoy neither—you are ſociety for nobody elſe, and but ill company for yourſelves—Sorry, ſorry mortals! I do not, I cannot envy you, indeed I can't—but I ſincerely pity you, even while you affect to laugh at me, and tell me that you are happier than the *fatigued* dame, with her crying brats and croſs-grain'd huſband! 'Tis true, *clouds* will ſometimes intercept the *beams* of the Matrimonial Sun; but the enlivening *rays* of Love will ſoon chaſe them away, and brighten and ſweeten the ſcene.—And pray tell me, you who can, are there no troubles, no *aggravations*, no perplexities allotted the unmarried lady?—She has no crooked huſband nor bawling children (perchance) to plague and perplex her: nor has ſhe, on the other hand, a kind a tender friend, to ſhare in her troubles, to ſoothe and allay her ſorrows—nor does ſhe feel the pleaſures of parental love, which are a thouſand removes beyond deſcription.——No lot of humanity is exempt from trouble;—and although ſhowers, as well as ſunſhine, are requiſite to the life of the vegetable world, yet from this I would not argue that it is BEST ſometimes to have quarrels and broils *at home*; I would only infer, for the uſe of all, that there are troubles inſeparably attached to the fallibility of man and woman, whether unmarried or united in HYMEN's fraternity.—My young friends complain, and are exclaiming, "Where, Friend, is the advice which you promiſed to us? Excuſe me, young ladies; I have already in this drawn too largely on the reader's back of patience, and muſt therefore reſerve my cautionary friendſhip for you, till another week.

Communicated for the STAR.

DESCRIPTION of the Beauties of the Morning, and the Riſing-Sun—from ROUSSEAU.

"THERE [looking at the riſing Sun] you will ſee the fiery rays it ſcatters among the clouds, as harbingers of its approach—the illumination increaſes

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—the East seems all in flames, and you expect the glorious Orb long before it discovers itself above the horizon. You think you see it every moment; it at length appears—Its rays dart like lightning over the face of Nature, and darkness vanishes at the sight. Man glories in his habitation, and sees it embellished with new beauty. The lawn is refreshed by the coolness of the night, and the light of the morning displays increasing verdure. The dew besprangled flowers, that enamel its surface, glitter in the sun beams, and like rubies and emeralds, dart their colours on the eye. The cheerful birds unite in choirs, and hail in concert the Parent of life.

"The assemblage of so many pleasing objects, imprints a glowing sensation that penetrates the soul. Who can withstand the rapture of this short interval of amusements? It is impossible, so grand, so beautiful, so delightful a scene, can be ever beheld with indifferences."

RUSTIC FELICITY.

MANY are the silent pleasures of the honest peasant; who rises cheerfully to his labor: look into his dwelling—where the scene of every man's happiness chiefly lies: he has the same domestic endearments—as much joy and comfort in his children, and as flattering hopes of their doing well, to enliven his heart, as you could conceive in the most affluent station. And I make no doubt, in general, but if the true account of his joys and sufferings were to be balanced with those of his betters—that the upshot would prove to be little more than this, that the rich man had more meat—but the poor man the better appetite; the one had more luxury—more able physicians to attend and set him to rights;—the other more health and soundness in his bones, and less occasion for their help; that after those two articles betwixt them were balanced,—in all other things they stood upon a level:—that the sun shines as warm—the air blows as fresh—and the earth breathes as fragrant upon one as the other; and that they have an equal share in all the beauties and real benefits of nature.

FROM THE *FARMER'S WEEKLY MUSEUM.*

Common Sense, in Dishabille.

No. II.

Between SYLLA *and* CHARYBDIS; *or, the Medium.*

I SHALL not attempt a chart of these shoals, so fatal to mariners, and so fortunate for writers & orators, who have always found them a very handy brace of similies. It is sufficient to say, they are two dangerous places opposite each other, on the coast of Sicily, where many sailors have lost their lives and many merchants their property; and between which there is a middle course, that an experienced navigator, if not thwarted by wind and tide, may pursue with safety.

We find many a Sylla and Charybdis in our course through life; and are never so sure to shun those breakers,

breakers, as when plain common ſenſe pilots the ſhip, and experience ſtands at helm. The learned, the ignorant; the young, the old; the libertine, the ſtoic; the gay, the grave, are often on dangerous extremes. Common ſenſe obſerves them whirled in the vortex on one ſide, or ſtranded on the ſhoals on the other, and wiſely takes the middle courſe. She is ſeldom found manufacturing rhymes in the garret, or diſtorting nature in the cellar to find out the philoſopher's ſtone; but is more honorably employed in the labors of the kitchen, or entertainment of the parlor. Is ſeldom keeping it up with the young bucks, and ſparks until morn; but will not diſinherit a young lad of gay ſpirits becauſe he ſtays out until midnight on election, the fourth of July, or Waſhington's birth day: frowns on the man, who is eternally marrying pro tempore, and looks on the abſtemious old bachelor with a ſneer, as much as to ſay, "you are nature's fool!" does not often bring on the hicups by immediate laughter, or a fit of gaping and yawning by the hypo: avoids that moſt dangerous Sylla and Charybdis of party ſpirit in religion and politics; was never ſeen kneeling before a calf, and would not caſt a man into the lion's den, becauſe he adores his Creator. You may as well look for icicles in a furnace as to ſeek it among a club of jacobins; yet there have been ſome things ſaid by modern federaliſts, that cannot be ſo eaſily reconciled with tenets of common ſenſe. My pen was made of the quill of a Dracat gooſe; pardon it, gentle reader.

INDUSTRY.

INDUSTRY leads to plenty; her paths drop marrow and fatneſs. In ſome meaſure, nature has wiſely balanced our wants with our duties, to force us into a compliance with them. Induſtry is a duty enjoined on us by the author of nature; and as a caveat againſt the violation of his law, hunger & contempt are continually held up to our view. It appears from reaſon as well as revelation, that man, while in a ſtate of perfect innocence, was never intended for ſloth and indolence. Activity is therefore one of his moſt brilliant features. Some have pretended that labor and pain were inflicted on man by the parent of nature, as a puniſhment for man's firſt diſobedience. The evidence of this propoſition, will neither quadrate with reaſon nor obſervation. It appears to me, ſuch people view this world as a great caſtle, themſelves the convicts, and nature the taſk maſter. They, like the ſluggiſh animal, view themſelves as obliged to go no farther than out of the reach of her ſcourge, and there wait the reiteration of the firſt cauſe of their motion. Induſtry gives a ſpring to ambition and enterprize. Man without this would become torpid, and while he wore the complete viſage of his creator, would poſſeſs the inſenſibility of a brute. Seventy revolving years would roll away without his notice, any more than that of his dog's. Even the pains and diſappointments which overtake us in our paſſage through life, ſerve only to ſeaſon & heighten our enjoyments. Nature is never idle. The ſun riſeth and ſet-

eth

eth and hasteth from whence it came. The moon resumes her task, accompanied by the bright constellations, moving in perfect order, regularity and harmony.—The sluggard has been very aptly sent to the reptile ant to learn lessons of œconomy and industry.—She, conscious of a time of want, treasures up the rewards of industry: and shall man, endued with superior intellects, the noblest work of God, stand an idle spectator, while myriads of inferior beings are continually moving in their little spheres, performing the task of life? Poverty or necessity is called the mother of inventions. Few of them, I believe, except honest industry, have proved blessings to mankind. But honest industry is an antidote to almost all evils in a family, or community, where she presides, the engines of fear or torture are only known by information; honesty succeeds fraud, and virtue profanity.

FROM THE

FARMER'S WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"*And he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes.*"

THE historian of the Jewish Kings, in his life of Solomon, after describing him potent abroad, peaceful at home, and magnificent in the palace, concludes with an eulogium upon his wisdom; adding as proof of his skill in the various topics of Natural History. The ambitious tree, the grovelling shrub; the lion, the mole; the volant, the creeping, and the swiming tribes had all been subject to his researches. The Buffon and the St. Pierre of Israel, he could narrate the striking beauties of organized matter, with the eloquence of the one, and feel with the sentiment of the other. Tho' the cares of state administration were many, yet he would find or create opportunities to exchange the council board for the country; and prefer to the study of politics the study of plants. In the wood, and in the field, the picturesque of nature would charm more than the tapestry of his palace; and as he roamed with the fair Egyptian, of Pharoah's race, he might note, both as a philosopher and lover, the coo of the dove, the buds of the pomegranate, the frolic kids, and ruby rose.

In several parts of these fugitive papers I have already and warmly insisted on the advantages of a taste for natural beauty. This is a Venus de Medicis, universally to be found. Italian connoisseurs may saunter through the galleries of Florence, admiring animated canvas, or symmetrical marble. I do not wish to vilify their pursuit. If it be lounging, it is of a liberal sort. I would not only love the poet and the painter, but the candid critic of their works. But landscape, described in a poem, or mimicked on walls, cannot compare with the real glories of nature. Her trees, her animals, her wood and water, her broken and cultivated ground, her fish that swiftly glide, or her insects, which tardily

creep

creep were the objects that once interested a great prince, & ought now to interest those who, like him, would be observing, moral, and wise.

Get up early, then to the vineyard and see if the vine flourish and the tender grape appear — Mark the progress of vegetation; observe the characters and habitudes of animals; trace the forest It has more curious scenery than a theatre. Let the eye of admiration be now raised to the top of the cedar, and now depressed to the hillock of the ant. The nest of the bird, & the haunt of the trout trifling, as to the inconsiderate they may appear, will reward a philosophic scrutinizer of nature's operations with abundant and perennial pleasure. Swammerdam, a patient naturalist, has been derided by the levity of sciolists for speculating long and intently upon the lowest subjects of the animal kingdom. The censure was sudden and weak. He was always innocently; often usefully, and honorably employed.

The love of nature is a sweet and exhilirating passion. He, who botanizes on the mountains, or explores the latent root in the forest, is a healthy and happy man. To the fiercer gales of life the soldier, the mariner, and the citizen are exposed. But if the *secure* quiet of Virgil be the lot of mortals, it certainly is his, whose ambition soars not above the cedar, and whose avarice digs not below the hyssop.

The LAY PREACHER.

SELF LOVE.

WE are so prepossessed in our own favor, that we often mistake for virtues those vices that have some resemblance to them, and which are artfully disguised by self love.

THE *MONITOR.*

ADVICE to PARENTS.

NEVER let a child be present while you are doing that which you would not wish a child to repeat, or doing that which you would not wish a child to imitate.

Never let the father interpose while the mother chides, nor the mother while the father chides, for by this mean, the child will learn more regard for one parent than another, or perhaps will in time lose all respect for both.

Never punish a child for its having met with an accident, or any hurt it could not foresee or prevent.

Never allow a child to be present at any family disputes.

Never contradict a child without giving such a reason as may reach its infant comprehension.

Never punish a child when you are in a passion, but first represent to the child the ill consequences of its fault, and observe the effect of remonstrance.

Never pass by an offence wilfully committed against the known sense of the child.

Never allow a child to visit in a family, where the opposite of these rules is practised.

Never allow a child to keep the company of those who are far superior in wealth and grandeur, until you shall have taught the child the vanity of riches and grandeur.

THE

THE *RIVULET.*

COMMUNICATED
FOR THE STAR.

Deſcription of an Iriſh Feaſt,

Tranſlated almoſt litterally from the original Iriſh, by the celebrated DEAN SWIFT.*

O'Rourk's noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot,
By thoſe who were there,
Or thoſe who were not.
His revels to keep,
We ſup and we dine,
On ſeven ſcore ſheep,
Fat bullocks and ſwine;
Uiquebaugh to our feaſt
In pails was brought up,
An hundred at leaſt,
And a maſter† our cup.

* ☞ *The Dean does not give us any account of this poem in the original; but it is ſuppoſed to have been written by rather compoſed, for he could not write) by that extraordinary production of nature known by the name of* CAROLAN, *the blind, an Hibernian bard, who flouriſhed ſome years about ſix centuries ago: from whom no one of his countrymen would bitterly refuſe ſuch a feaſt as he deſcribes, amidſt ſuch profuſion of his favorite* uiquebaugh.

† *A wooden veſſel.*

O there is the ſport!
We riſe with the light,
In diſorderly ſort,
From ſnoring all night.
O how was I trick'd!
My pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd,
I loſt my new cloak.
I'm rifled, quoth Neil,
Of mantle and Kercher!*
Why then fare them well,
The de'il take the ſearcher.
Come, harper, ſtrike up;
But firſt, by your favor,
Boy, give us a cup:
Ah! this has ſome ſavor.
O'Rourk's jolly boys
Ne'er dream'd of the matter
'Till rous'd by the noiſe
And muſical clatter,
They bounce from their neſt,
No longer will tarry,
They riſe ready dreſt,
Without an *Ave Mary.*
They dance in a round,
Cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground
Did not burſt with their ſtamping.
The floor is all wet,
With leaps and with jumps,
While the water and ſweat
Spliſh ſplaſh in their pumps.
Bleſs you late and early,
Laughlin O'Enagin;
By my hand† you dance rarely,
Margaty Grinagin.
Bring ſtraw for our bed,
Shake it down to the feet,
Then over us ſpread
The winnowing ſheet;
To ſhew I don't flinch,
Fill the bowl up again;
Then give us a pinch
Of your ſneering, *a ſtore*‡

Good

* *An handkerchief.* † *An Iriſh oath.*
‡ *An Iriſh word for a woman.*

Good Lord, what a fight,
After all their good cheer,
For people to fight
In the midſt of their beer!
They riſe from their feaſt,
And hot are their brains,
A cubit at leaſt,
The length of their ſkeans.*
What ſtabs and what cuts,
What clattering of ſticks,
What ſtrokes on the guts,
What beſtings and kicks!
With cudgels of oak,
Well harden'd in flame,
An hundred heads broke,
An hundred ſtruck lame.
You churl, I'll maintain
My father built Luſk,
The caſtle of Slain,
And Carrick Drumroſk.
The Earl of Kildare,
And Moynalta, his brother,
As great as they are,
I was nurs'd by their mother.†
Aſk that of old madam,
She'll tell you who's who,
As far up as Adam,
She knows it is true.
Come, down with that beam,
If cudgels are ſcarce,
A blow on the weam,
Or a kick on the ——

* *Daggers.*

† *It is a cuſtom in Ireland, to call noble foſter-mothers; and thus the pooreſt claim kindred to the richeſt.*

EPITAPH

On an Officer, whoſe baptiſmal name was RALPH.

UNDER this ſtone lies Major Ralph,
The devil at laſt has got him faſt:
Reader, I'll lay you any wager,
That he's the devil's Serjeant-Major!

BANQUET of COMUS.

A Lady in Charleſton, (S. C.) ſaid, before one of her little girls, that Mrs T—— (a roſy widow, whom they viſited in the next ſtreet) was a very good ſort of a woman, and a very entertaining companion, when *ſhe had not a drop in her eye.* A few days after, Mrs. T—— came to the houſe, and little Charlotte took more notice of her than ſhe uſually did. She ſtared in her face, indeed, in ſo pointed a manner, that the lady could not help being deſirous of knowing "what ſhe ſaw in her countenance, to occaſion ſo critical an examination." "*I am looking,*" replied the child, with a pretty innocent voice, "*to ſee if there is a drop in your eye.*"

SOME years ago, immediately after the ſhock of a tremendous earthquake had alarmed the inhabitants of Grenada, the converſation turned at the governor's table, upon the latent occaſion of the above phenomenon; after every one of the company had aſſigned it to a different cauſe, an old negro woman was aſked, what was her opinion on the ſubject, ſhe replied, "*She thought the Great God was paſſing by, and the earth had made him curtſy.*"

A WICKED wag at Manchester, lately advertiſed a reward of *three pence* for the ſight of a *gooſe*, as the greateſt *rarity* of the times.

"ONE thing is clear," ſays an Iriſh print, "that all things are very dark at preſent."